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ARKANSAS'S LESSON.

It is not so difficult to send a guilty man to jail, if the right man goes about it in the right way. Even petty criminals do not present themselves at the jail door and clamor for admission.

New York seems to be the only place in the United States where the process of sending guilty men to jail is not successfully practiced. In Boston, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Toledo, Cleveland, Philadelphia, even in Chicago and St. Louis men of importance and standing are prosecuted. Far-off Arkansas is now cleaning out its political lobby and sending both lobbyists and members of the Legislature to jail in an expeditious and simple manner that New York could readily imitate.

Arkansas is not a rich and populous State like New York. Its lobby is a comparatively cheap affair. Every year the pool-room gamblers had been paying to have the gambling laws in their interest. The telephone and telegraph companies had a lobbyist. The Tobacco Trust, the insurance companies and the railroads maintained a lobby, just as they do in New York. The Arkansas lobby was neither extensive nor expensive, but it controlled the Legislature. Twenty-three of the thirty-two Senators belonged to it.

Thus Arkansas was a microcosm of New York. The lobby did its main business in the Senate there, as in New York. The lobbyists took contracts from the corrupt corporations just like Gene Wood, Moe Dinkelspiel, Ed Lauterbach, Lou Payn and the rest of the Albany lobby. The District-Attorney of Little Rock induced a business man to do business with these lobbyists. The lobbyists were then summoned before the Grand Jury. They denied that they were lobbyists. One of them was promptly indicted for perjury. The other lobbyists were then recalled before the Grand Jury and confessed. The Senators were then indicted on the lobbyists' confession, corroborative evidence having been secured by the District-Attorney.

One Senator has already been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Five Senators and four Assemblymen are indicted and awaiting trial. Thirteen other Senators are in process of indictment.



For a few years, at least as long as the present District-Attorney is in office, Arkansas will have no lobby and the members of its Legislature will cast unpurchased votes.

How simple it would be to do this in New York! The Albany lobby is notorious. Members of the State Senate whose expenditures are many times their \$1,500 salary, are well known to everybody. The men who are bribed, the big corporation lawyers in New York who handle the money and the lobbyists who do the detail work are all of common knowledge.

How absurd it is to clamor for more statutes and ignore the Arkansas remedy! How foolish it is to seek to entrust public officials with more power and more opportunities for corruption when New York stands pre-eminent among the United States for the notoriety of its lobby, the corruption of its politicians and the distinguished lawyers and financiers who furnish the dirty money.

Why is Dry-Dollar Sullivan going back to the State Senate? Why is there more money in a \$1,500 State Senatorship than a \$5,000 seat in Congress? How are politicians in New York City able to spend on gambling and champagne alone more than their salaries?

But no one will ever go to jail—lobbyist, legislator, lawyer, insurance officer, bank director or whoever else may violate the law—until the law is enforced.

THE ENGINEER.

After fifty years in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, forty-eight of them as an engineer, William Peabody, of Trenton, has been retired on a pension.

Chief Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, gives the average life of men of his craft as ten years. He himself held the throttle for twenty years. Mr. Peabody must have possessed in a remarkable degree those qualities of common sense and a quick and reliable mind, which, according to Chief Stone, are among the first requisites in a railway engineer.

The men in command in our locomotive cabs are rated in the front rank among mechanics for their sobriety and intelligence. There is that about their work, with its constant responsibility and its constant call for alertness, which saves them from the peril often attaching to men of a single machine of losing their imaginations.

They have to think of many things while they perform the duty in hand. Such thinking keeps them in mental training. It is the equivalent for the brain of a system of varied gymnastic exercises for the body.

In his forty-eight years as an engineer Mr. Peabody had to be conscious always of the right "feel" of the throttle, of the right carriage of his machine, of the right pressure in the steam gauge, of the right "look" to the track ahead, of the possibility that at any time, under him, before him or to one side, the warning might be given demanding instant change of action.

He had always to be master of his machine. And the man who is that, never letting levers and wheels bring him down to their own level of plain grinding, is the kind of worker who serves best both his employer and himself.

There are about 400 muscles in the human body. At one time or another in the history of the race all of them have been in use. The average person now uses so few of them that when Mr. Sandow appeared among us a few years ago his revelations as to how we are made amazed us scarcely less than his strength.

Now the mind is quite as rich in senses, perceptions and instincts as is the body in muscles. And its powers fall even more readily under total or partial neglect than do those of the physical frame. No more than all of us could be Sandows can we all be giants of intellect. But if we cultivate something suggested by the engineer's faculty of feeling the "move" of things and of looking ahead and abroad while we labor, we shall do our share toward putting mankind on a working basis of equality.

"Monte"—Who Wins?

By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN in THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

If This Dark Young Man with the Bundle Heeds His Mother the Larder Will Not Be Soon Empty.



DEAR Mr. Joseph Gans: Other people are congratulating you on your victory at Goldfield. I want to congratulate you on your mother. "Young Peter Jackson will tell me the news and you bring back the bacon," he wired you to the ringside, and the wisdom of the ages as in the telegram.

To many distinguished men—in the ring and out of it—it has been given to go forth and fight for the bacon and to win it, but oh, so very few have brought it back!

There was John L. Sullivan. Fat and juicy was the bacon he fought for. Vast were the quantities he won, at where is John L.'s bacon now?

Where is George Dixon's, to mention a lesser gladiator, who also won the bacon, but used it to grease the wheels of the toboggan he travelled so soon after.

Where are all the native favorites, for whom much bacon was provided, but who got lost before they could bring it back?

You also have won the bacon, Joseph. Take your mother's advice and bring it back before it melts by the wayside or is frittered in the white light glare. Winning it is so easy, keeping it so hard. If you haven't realized this yourself, think about the other great men of the world and profit by their example.

Take Napoleon, for instance. He won all the bacon there was in sight—in fact, to use the indeignant vernacular if you will excuse it, he captured the whole hog. But he couldn't keep it. He couldn't bring it back, and before he knew it he was sitting on a hard little rock in the middle of the ocean with nothing to eat but English humble pie.

There have been other great men whose bacon during their lives was dealt them in very slim rations and who couldn't keep the little they got. But these were mere poets like Poe and Chatterton, whose fates were only good enough to hold a pen and who didn't know a boxing glove from a bird's nest.

They didn't bring back the bacon to their mothers or wives. But they had this to excuse them—they couldn't get it.

Your genius is in your fists, and your reward for having it there instead of in your head, as there was, is all the bacon a generous world can lavish on you. Don't let the bacon you won with your fists go to your head, Joseph. Don't get the idea common to the successful fighter that bacon isn't good enough for you, and that you must have possum every day, and not fight for it, either.

Take the bacon back to your wise old mother and let her deal it out to you, a streak of lean and a streak of fat, the way life is parcelled out to us all, Joseph. Lots of people bother their heads about whether or not the bacon is worth asking for. Most of them have a hard time getting it; hundreds of thousands never get enough.

But none of these things need worry you. You're a dark young man with a bundle, and all you need think about now is that you had better take it home to mother. She's waiting for it, and it's up to you to see that she isn't kept waiting. Can't you see the frying-pan getting hot and smell the corn pone in the oven? Get along, Joseph! Take the bacon home.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Traffic Regulations.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have had eighteen years' experience as driver and truckman around the streets of New York, and can truthfully say that the present traffic regulations are, in my opinion, a farce and a humbug, and like the reversed street signs and the order to have street cars stop on the wrong side, they will soon be done away with. In places like Twenty-third street and Broadway, where room is most needed, large pieces of the roadway are roped off like lawn tennis courts, which is nonsense. I should like to hear from other men in the trucking business as to their opinion regarding the traffic regulations.

EDWARD GOODING.

States Island Grievances.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We hope you will win your noble crusade for the people against the B. R. T. Richmond Borough is also in need of reforms. There is no reason why our streets should not be lighted as well as those of Manhattan. It is almost at the risk of our lives that we venture out after 5 o'clock. Also the trolley service is abominable. After waiting from fifteen to thirty minutes for a car, especially on the Richmond line, we are thrown off at a switch, left waiting and told to take the car behind (not the car ahead).

RESIDENT.

Hens and Political Economy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a hen lays on an average 20 eggs a year, which sell on an average for three cents each, what is the intrinsic value of the hen, readers? I claim \$100 is the value of the hen. Please discuss.

P. W. COOK.

Fontetk Speln.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

T'woud not be a bad idea for H. and M. to change the 'o' at the end of 'korek' to a 'u' and it would seem kwit korek to me if 'korek' was 'kru'.

Yu se I am a despo of fontetk speln.

JOSEPH SCHICK.

THE DIARY OF A BAD BOY. By "Pop."



The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 33.—CHARLES V. and the Rise of a New Power.

A GOODY old man sat in a monastery cell, surrounded by dozens of clocks and watches.

"I cannot even make two clocks tick in unison," he whined peevishly. "No wonder I failed to make millions of people think alike!"

The old clock fender was Charles V., who had given up affairs of state at the age of fifty-six, and who was spending the two remaining years of his life in monastic retirement. He had had a half century of experience such as lent power ever inherited by his complaint about the clocks. Born in 1500 to the greatest ruler of his century and had lived to see his most cherished plans fall to pieces.

Here are some of the titles that Charles had won in his career: King of Spain, Archduke of Austria, the sovereignty of the Netherlands, the Kingdoms of Sicily and Navarre, and the rulership of all Spain's American possessions, and at twenty-six was crowned King of Italy. All this was an enormous billiard vast power to be centered in one man, and it entailed even vaster responsibilities. He ruled four nations which had nothing in common and no ties of mutual interest. These facts, of course, led to endless rivalries, revolts and international complications.

Morover, a throng of outside enemies rose against the young monarch, Francis I., King of France, who had been one of his competitors for the German throne of Milan and Burgundy, which Charles had won by his brilliant victory over the Turks at Lepanto, the Marston of the world, from 1570 to Hungary, advancing to the very walls of Vienna, and the Spanish fleet, the Netherlands, too, were ripe for revolt.

Added to this, a great Turkish army over the German frontier and Charles advanced in person to meet him, and drove the Turk back into his own territory. Then Francis, forming an alliance with the Catholic Church, his adherent becoming known as "Protestantism." The security of the Catholic Church, of which Charles was the acknowledged champion, was thus menaced at home, but Charles was methodically and with a cool head, he rearranged the various troubles as though he were merely rearranging a shelf of books. He turned his back to the Turkish army on the Flemish frontier and in Italy, to check the tide of religious disagreements and to reconquer the classical political parties—this was the task before him. He entered on an eight-year war with France, during which he drove the French from the Netherlands and captured King Francis. He forced a humiliating treaty on Francis. This the latter at once broke, but in a second war was again defeated.

Soliman led a great Turkish army over the German frontier and Charles advanced in person to meet him, and drove the Turk back into his own territory. Then Francis, forming an alliance with the Catholic Church, his adherent becoming known as "Protestantism." The security of the Catholic Church, of which Charles was the acknowledged champion, was thus menaced at home, but Charles was methodically and with a cool head, he rearranged the various troubles as though he were merely rearranging a shelf of books. He turned his back to the Turkish army on the Flemish frontier and in Italy, to check the tide of religious disagreements and to reconquer the classical political parties—this was the task before him. He entered on an eight-year war with France, during which he drove the French from the Netherlands and captured King Francis. He forced a humiliating treaty on Francis. This the latter at once broke, but in a second war was again defeated.

His most cherished plans set at naught, his own subjects refusing to be ruled by him in matters of religion, his health broken, his territory successfully invaded, his son declared from inheriting his chief possessions—the consummation was too much for the old Emperor. He gave up his throne and left to his wife that saddest of fates: The fate of the man who outlives the greatness he himself has created.

New York Thro' Funny Glasses.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

Wonder Trips Around Our Town.—No. III.

THE WISE GUIDE—And now, gentle stranger, we have reached Park Row, sometime known as the Place of Posters Faces. Also as the home of the newspaper beats—both kinds. Through this narrow byway we have passed a million Brooklyn exiles, dashing madly, frantically, in one direction in the morning and in the other direction in the evening, going even at break-neck pace, but all ready and willing to halt and gather in groups of one thousand or upward about every blatant vendor of collar buttons or pretzels. Kindly observe the expressions upon the features of those who pour by us in such countless hordes.

THE RUBBERNECK—Methinks they must be in great distress.

THE WISE GUIDE—Not necessarily. Such an expression is worn by all who slide in Painesville on yon bank of the river. It is known as the Brooklyn Countenance. One acquires it as the result of crossing the Bridge twice daily.

THE RUBBERNECK—But look! That vast whirpool which stretches before us! My frightened vision, where men and women are drawn into a mad vortex to be whirled around and around in giddy, nerve-racking circles, must be that fearful spot, Little Hell Gate, of which I have so often read.

THE WISE GUIDE—Not so. What you behold with starting eyes is merely the Bridge entrance. The there that these hurrying multitudes take trains homeward to the Dental Districts of Greater New York across the river. You there does indeed appear to be some what of a congestion at present within the terminal, but that will soon be remedied, sir.

THE RUBBERNECK—How so?

THE WISE GUIDE—By the great B. N. T. This self-sacrificing corporation having ever the interests of its patrons at heart has decided to open on one more during the rush hour hereafter. There will then be cars for all. But let us consider now the newspaper men who do frequent this vicinity. I warrant you shall find rich entertainment in the study of these types.

THE RUBBERNECK—Of that I have no doubt. Tell me who may be that venerable patriarch with the flowing beard and cunning eyes, who balances his lean and tottering shanks upon a heavy presumptuous.

THE WISE GUIDE—Ah, no, fair sir; the aged one is an exchange editor. For 'tis to the exchange editor's desk that good newspaper men go when they die. No real exchange editor is ever under eighty years of age, and many there be who are ninety and upward.

THE RUBBERNECK—Then show me, pray, a managing editor.

THE WISE GUIDE—Assuredly. Behold here comes one now, issuing from the door of yon highbald bungalow, where he has been in search of a little local color.

THE RUBBERNECK—What! Mean you that mere child in the inflammatory vest? I took him for a head office boy. Are all managing editors so young, then?

THE WISE GUIDE—They are generally caught very young, but, verily, they age rapidly.

THE RUBBERNECK—And what happens to them when they do age?

THE WISE GUIDE—'Tis a moving tale. They get the boot.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS

By T. O. McGill.

CAPT. JAMES T. O'GROVE was sitting comfortably up against a large bottle of water and watching the slow of a person in front of him. He was now taking it on Manhattan Island. Big-hearted, deep-chested, well-schooled and always with a good word for everybody, he shone among the high lights of club life and the places where men gather.

When he received various promotions with the corporation he was with every body gave a "hurray" and was glad of it.

About a year ago he got tangled up with pneumonia, and when he got out of the hospital he was so weak that he could not get up the stairs. He looked like a well-schooled and always with a good word for everybody, he shone among the high lights of club life and the places where men gather.

Every one knows Charlie," went on the Captain. "I needn't tell you that he was one of the best known of all the city passenger agents for years. There was a period between about 1880